



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

\$4,000 or \$5,000, for \$400; an iron steamer, the Mary Somers, for which the government paid some \$30,000, and for which there were many purchasers in the market, for \$12,000 or \$13,000; the U. S. ship St. Louis, cost at Philadelphia some \$20,000, for only \$500! So goes the people's money in war! — Only one case among thousands continually occurring in this game of fraud and plunder, as well as of blood.

A HOSPITAL SCENE.—“I went,” says a correspondent of the Cincinnati Times, writing from Matamoros, “to visit the different hospitals. They are filled with the wounded and the dying. The stench that arose from them, from the want of police, was disgusting. You could tell at a glance the wounded of Palo Alto or the Resaca de la Palma. The latter were mostly bullet wounds, whereas the amputated limbs told of the cannon's fearful execution in the former. Beside one poor fellow a beautiful girl of 17, was seated, keeping off the flies. She was his wife. In another corner, a family group, the mother and her children, were seated by their wounded father. One bright-eyed little girl quite took my fancy, and my heart bled to think thus early she should be introduced to so much wretchedness. On one bed was a corpse; on another was one dying, holding in his hand the grape shot that passed through his breast. He showed it to us with a sad countenance. I left the hospital shocked with the horrors of war. The army have left their wounded comrades with very little attention to their wants.”

After all, however, these miseries find a pretty full parallel in almost every war. A writer on the civil wars in Spain says, “In the yard of a *quinta*, or nobleman's house, I looked through the grating, and saw about two hundred wounded soldiers waiting to have their limbs amputated, while others were arriving every moment. It would be difficult to convey an idea of the frightful appearance of these men; they had been wounded on the 5th, and this was the 7th; their limbs were swollen to an enormous size, and the smell from the gun-shot wounds was dreadful. Some were sitting upright against a wall, under the shade of a number of chestnut trees, and, as many of them were wounded in the head as well as in the limbs, the ghastly countenances of those poor fellows presented a dismal sight. The streams of gore which had trickled down their cheeks were quite hardened with the sun, and gave their faces a glazed and copper-colored hue; their eyes were sunk and fixed; and, between the effects of the sun, of exhaustion and despair, they resembled more a group of bronze figures than anything human. There they sat, silent and statue-like, waiting for their turn to be carried to the amputating tables. At the other side of the yard lay several whose state was too hopeless for them to sit up; a feeble cry from them occasionally to those who were passing, for a drink of water, was all they uttered.

A little further on, in an inner court, were the surgeons. They were stripped to their shirts, and bloody. Curiosity led me forward; a number of doors placed on barrels, served as temporary tables, and on these lay the different subjects upon whom the surgeons were operating; to the right and left were arms and legs, flung here and there without distinction, and the ground was dyed with blood.”

RETURNED VOLUNTEERS.

THE community at large are little aware what deceptions were employed to seduce soldiers into the Mexican war; and it is sad enough to contrast the high promises held out to them, with the mournful and humiliating result.

THE PROMISE.—“A bounty of TWELVE DOLLARS,” said the advertisements, “will be paid to each recruit enlisted for *artillery, infantry, or mounted regiments*: Also *one hundred and sixty acres of land*, or \$100, on being honorably discharged.

Besides the monthly pay, as above stated, one ration per day is allowed every soldier, which is amply sufficient for his subsistence—also, a large supply of comfortable and genteel clothing. Good quarters and fuel are at all times furnished; and every attention will be paid to making those men who may enlist, and are determined to serve their country in good faith, comfortable and contented with their situation. The best medical attendance is always provided for the sick soldier; and no deduction of pay is made during the period he is unable to perform his duty. Should the soldier be disabled in the line of his duty, the laws provide a pension for him.

By the above it is seen that the pay and allowances are respectable, and that, with prudence and economy, the monthly pay of the soldiers may be laid up. Everything requisite for his comfort and convenience is furnished by the Government, including his sugar and coffee. The prudent soldier, therefore, may readily save from \$420 to \$1,020 during his enlistment of *five years*; and at the expiration of the term he can, if he chooses, purchase a small farm in any of the western States, and then settle himself comfortably on his own land, for the rest of his life.”

THE RESULT.—We have already given facts enough to prove, that probably more than one half of the volunteers perished in battle, by exposure or disease, during the war. As one specimen more, a pretty fair representative of the whole, the Haverhill (Mass.) Gazette mentions a returned volunteer, “who went away with a company of 63, only 11 of whom are now living. He enlisted with a company in Portland, and has himself lost one eye, had a bayonet in his body, and a ball shot through his knee. When he went away, he left a wife and two children, and has returned to them a ‘used-up man,’ shattered in health, mutilated in body, and miserably poor.”

The Returned Volunteers at Louisville, Ky.—“A few days since,” says the Louisville Examiner, “we happened to be in a neighboring town, where we saw several gentlemen in military dresses. We also observed a great many persons in tattered garments, and having generally a very filthy personal appearance, walking along the streets. The next day, several of these persons were seen lying in the streets with their faces exposed to the burning sun, in a state of the most beastly intoxication. These, we learned, belonged to a regiment of American soldiers who had just returned from Mexico. This same regiment we had seen, it seems to us, but a few days before, on its way to the seat of war. Then the banners were gaily fluttering in the breeze, the stirring sounds of the drum and fife thrilled every bosom, orators were setting forth the charms of glory, ‘and all went merry as a marriage bell.’ What a change had come over all this! Everything now wore a mournful and distressed appearance. No triumphant banner waved over the soldiers’ heads; no martial fire gleamed from their eyes; none of the glow of health was seen on their squalid features; the drum and fife had lost their inspiring tones, and seemed to utter only sounds of woe.”

At Boston.—We gave in our last some account of the Massachusetts Regiment on their return to Brighton, four miles out of the city; and we now add a few items touching their reception in Boston, got up by politicians for selfish ends.

“Though somewhat improved in appearance,” says an editor, “since

we saw them in the cars at Worcester, we could not imagine that a squad of gypsies or beggars ever looked worse. Not even the luxury of a little straw had been provided for them by the liberality of those who had *professed* so strong a love for the 'defenders of the country ;' and during the two nights that they had been in the camp, the bare boards of an iron foundry had been their only bed. Soap and water, however, had wrought wonders upon their complexions ; and though the luxury of a change of garment was enjoyed only by those who had charitable friends in the immediate vicinity, there was evidently some improvement upon that condition of filthy squalor and wretchedness which they had presented on the first night of their return.

Acquaintance with the details of the service had not made them advocates of the profession of arms ; and there was not one with whom we conversed, and we spoke freely with very many, who did not express in the most emphatic terms his preference for the meanest occupations of peaceful industry to the hard service and brutal treatment of the soldier. Not a man of them all, we should judge from the general tenor of their remarks, but, in case of another war with Mexico, would rather hide himself in the Dismal swamp than undergo the degrading and soul-crushing bondage of another military campaign.

We spoke to some of the reception which the glorifiers of Mr. Polk and his war were preparing for them in Boston ; but it seemed to excite in their breasts no emotions of thankfulness or enthusiasm. They seemed to think it was not for them, but for the glorification of their officers and their political friends, that the great display and feast was to be given ; and, looking at their ragged clothes, and empty knapsacks, we heard many of them remark, that a clean shirt would be more grateful than a dinner in Faneuil Hall, and a whole garment more precious than the glory of a triumphal procession. At the officers generally, all seemed to be indignant in the extreme. The mention of General Cushing's name would bring down a torrent of curses from the lips of any who might hear it ; and their regard for his subordinates in command, seemed to be anything but such as ought to exist between men who, we are told, have had in keeping the honor of the country. The details of the statements made to us by the soldiers, of Cushing's inhuman barbarity toward the sick and disabled, are too disgusting and revolting for our columns. Drunkenness seems to have been the besetting sin of the officers ; and, under the excitement of intoxicating drink, the discomforts of the service appear to have been greatly aggravated, and many a soldier whose bones are crumbling with the soil of Mexico, owes his untimely death to the neglect of his superiors, arising from a more sincere devotion to the whiskey bottle than to the duties he owed his fellow men."

One editor of this city says, "Our table is full of communications expressive of indignation at the treatment of the volunteers, and urging that something should be done to raise them from wretchedness. One writes, 'Each private in the regiment tells a story which should raise the sternest indignation in the breast of every *man* in the Commonwealth. They tell of a *drunken and cruel supervision* by which they were treated as *dogs*. They tell of being brutally flogged by the ruffians whose honied words and extravagant promises seduced them to enlist. They tell of being obliged to scoop up water from beside the dead and putrid mules, and of eating bread covered with vermin, while their officers were banqueting in luxury !'"

Another editor of a religious paper says, "The Massachusetts volunteers made their appearance in this city on Saturday last, marching through the principal streets with the Boston brigade at their head, and dense masses of spectators on either side. One feeling seemed to pervade the crowd of lookers on—a feeling of pity for the poor soldiers, and of disgust and horror at the effects of war. The climate and habits of life in Mexico have changed their countenances to a swarthy, unwholesome hue, besides which they

looked worn and sickly, ill-clad and dirty, though it is said they have been considerably improved in dress, hair, beard, &c., since reaching Brighton. Hard service they have seen, and needlessly hard and cruel treatment they have doubtless received. A specimen is given thus: One of the soldiers, being very thirsty, put his gun into the hands of his neighbor, and stepped a few feet out of the ranks to get a cup of water from a pail, stepping directly back again to his place; and for this, General Cushing seized him, put him in irons, threw him on the ground, and made him lie there several hours under a broiling sun. There was no remedy and no redress. A physician of this city, who visited the encampment at Brighton, asked some questions about their experience of war, to which they replied that it was a subject they could not talk about, one of them saying, however, that if he were to choose between going again into such a war and being hung, he should prefer the latter.

We ought to have added in the proper place, that at the public dinner given to the volunteers, General Cushing attempted to make a speech, but was hissed and hooted down by the soldiers. They are much enraged at him for cruel treatment, and his life is threatened."

Another editor speaks thus of the display in Boston: "First came a mounted band of music; then the Lancers on their prancers, with all their gay and flaunting equipage; next came some ten or twelve companies of infantry, bedizened with as many beautiful varieties of warlike millinery; and interspersed were several full bands of musicians with sounding brass and rumbling drums. All this was marvellous to behold! It was the military trade in play and pleasantry. 'Grim-visaged war had smoothed its wrinkled front,' and smiled to think of his own harmless prettinesses.

But, immediately upon this trim and tidy array, marched the regiment just returned from the region of strife. And, O, the contrast between the mock soldiers and the real warriors! Poor volunteers! They had, by the casualties of war, though innocent of any pitched battle, left more than a third of their original number behind. And these survivors were in a state of destitution shocking to behold. So dirty, so ragged, so miserable in plight, were these forlorn campaigners, that they could only be likened to Falstaff's ragged regiment, of whom their portly commander said, 'No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat.' Had Colonel Wright been but half as wise or witty as Sir John, he would never have marched the tattered remnants of his troops through Boston.

Here was war in both its aspects, elegantly disguised in all the trappings and struttings of the parade ground, and stripped to his native roughness in the worn, and drooping, and filthy forms of the battle-ground and camp. We saw no laurels on the heads of the volunteers; and had there been any garlands, they would have been much in the way of the scratching which nature evidently craved. It was objected to the 'fat knight,' that his men were 'exceedingly poor and bare; too beggarly.' And Colonel Wright might have adopted Falstaff's reply, 'As for their poverty, I know not where they had that: and for their barrenness, I am sure they never learned that of me!'

At such a spectacle, it was hard to suppress the exclamation, 'If this be glory, what is shame?' This disgraceful war ends, so far as our Commonwealth is concerned, in an exhibition highly scandalous to our country. Shabby as were the poor soldiers, their appearance was far worse when they first reached their quarters at Cambridge Crossing. Their nakedness has been in some measure, though inadequately covered by the private munificence of some of our citizens. The Mexicans are to be pitied, if they have been more completely plundered than their Yankee invaders would appear to have been.

It is devoutly to be hoped that the multitudes of young men and boys who watched the procession, will never forget the lesson it held up to view, in

the contrast between the holiday soldiers who performed the escort duty, and the miserable and pauperized remnant who have been dragged home from the war."

After all, however, "the condition of this regiment" was said to be "far better than that of *any other* ;" and a war paper in this city very confidently averred, "they are better clothed, and in a better condition *every way* than *any other* regiment of volunteers that has left Mexico since the close of the war." What then must we think of the rest, and what of a custom which so abuses and brutalizes its own agents?

INCIDENTAL RESULTS OF THE MEXICAN WAR.

WE have not time now to glance at a tithe of the evils growing incidentally out of this war — its influence upon the tone of our national morality ; the gangrene of a war spirit it has infused into vast multitudes of our people, especially the rabble million ; the thirst for conquest, and power, and military fame it has so extensively kindled ; the changes it is likely to introduce into our policy, both foreign and domestic ; the new and bitter conflicts to which it has already given rise between the North and the South on the question of free soil, or the extension of slavery over territory acquired, or to be acquired, either by our arms or our diplomacy. These and many like topics demand the prompt, earnest, anxious attention of wise, patriotic men throughout the land, and will, we hope, be so treated as to avert, by timely precaution, many of the incidental evils to which this war has exposed us.

We take for the present a single topic for the consideration of our readers — the lawless, piratical schemes of men, fresh from our national robbery of Mexico, who now propose, in imitation of the Texan adventurers some fifteen years ago, to wrest other large portions of territory from her. Like the Irish private who complained bitterly of Wellington for hanging him just because he took it into his head to kill a single Frenchman "on his own hook," when he had already killed a score or more at his Lordship's command, these villains, lately the much lauded heroes of the Mexican war, think themselves at liberty to continue, on their own private account, the work of robbery and blood which our government hired them for nearly two years to do for the nation, and for doing which Congress passed so many votes of thanks, and some of our presses, with here and there a pulpit, have lavished upon them the most fulsome praises. We trained them in this school of iniquity ; and now they are just going to put in practice the lessons of outrage and villainy taught them in what is miscalled *civilized* warfare.

THE BUFFALO HUNT. — This is the name given to the scheme for taking violent possession of a large extent of Mexican territory west of the Rio Grande, to be called the *Republic of Sierra Madre*. Under the shallow plea of a hunting excursion, thousands of men, gathered first and mainly from our late army in Mexico, and led on by some of its officers, well armed and pro-